

## **Mileven (& co) Prompts by therealfarklenation**

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**Language:** English

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**Pairings:** Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

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**Summary:** Mileven fluff! Get your Mileven fluff, here! (and Mucas, and Jopper, and whatever you ask me to write) Third Prompt: Sex Ed (kinda).

## 1. Babysitting

Well, this turned out to be longer than I expected haha. Anyway, I'm starting a ST prompts story (because I have no idea what to write anymore). This is the first prompt. If you wanna PM me or comment some prompts, I'll be happy to write them!

Also, I wrote this while in the ER because my brother has a concussion. HAHAHA... Yeah...

**ALSO ALSO: THEY'RE SIXTEEN IN THIS ONESHOT, OKAY? SO DON'T HATE ME!**

**Prompt: Babysitting**

**Setting: Late Spring (like May or late April) of 1987**

**Song: Puppy Love - Paul Anka**

**Rated: Kinda on the fence on this. I'd say PG 13, but there is some heavy cursing (because it is Stranger Things) and some mild-ish adult themes. You've been warned lol.**

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Six-year-old Holly Wheeler silently crept through the upstairs hallway, hoping to draw as little attention to herself as possible. Oh man, if Mike found out she was sneaking around past her bedtime? And that she stole back her Barbie doll from Mom and Dad's room (after they had taken it away from her because of "attitude problems")? He would definitely tell their parents, and then she'd *really* be in trouble. They'd probably decide to take away even more of her toys. Like Barbie's Dream House. Or her Cabbage Patch Kids. The thought of that sent chills down her spine. What would she be able to bring to show-and-tell? Mike's Millennium Falcon? Rory the dinosaur?

Dungeons and Dragons?

*Oh, no... Please, no...*

The Barbie was safely tucked in her arms, and she was on her way

back to the safety of her bedroom. Just a few more steps and...

She heard Mike's muffled voice coming from his room. He sounded... Surprised? Scared? It was almost like a yelp, and it definitely caught Holly's attention. She tiptoed toward his bedroom door, creaking it open slightly, and peered in.

It was pretty hard to see, due to the lack of light in the room. But what she did see was... a shape of a man (that must be Mike) being... *mauled*... by another person. She couldn't really make out who it was. But, whatever they were doing, it seemed... *violent. Scary.*

She stood there, frozen in fear. Mike's being attacked, tortured by this night invader. She had to do something about this. But what?

If she tried to intervene, she could get into even more trouble... This intruder seemed violent. Mike, herself, or her doll could easily get hurt if she tried to stop this... person.

Maybe she could draw the intruder away from Mike, but that idea didn't seem very wise. She wasn't the best at hiding... What if they went for her instead? Then she won't get to play with her Barbie *at all.*

The best bet was to call the police. Mr. Hopper. He'll know what to do. He can save Mike; he and Ellie will come over and save him. Yes, that's what she'll do. She'll call 911.

Holly tip-toed into Nancy's old, uninhabited bedroom (she was away at college), and turned on the lights. Was that phone still in here? She looked around the near-empty room, spotting it on the nightstand beside her sister's bed. Yes! The phone!

Let's see... Does it work? She tapped the numbers 9-1-1 into the corded phone, and brought it to her ear.

It began to ring.

"911, state your emergency."

Holly sighed in relief, pushing the phone closer to her face, "Hi, I'm Holly, what's your name?"

"Excuse me?"

"I'm Holly, Holly Elizabeth Wheeler. What's your name?"

"Young lady, I'm sorry but this line is for emergencies only."

The six-year-old gasped, "But this is an emergency! My brother is being attacked in our house and it's dark," She looked around the room, anxiously, "And my mommy and daddy aren't home! They're on date night, tonight. And they're going out for dinner and then to a movie! And my mommy dressed up, and she looks just like a princess, did you know that?"

"Holly?" The dispatch woman replied on the other line, "Holly, dear, we have the police on their way. Is Mike alright?"

Holly furrowed her eyebrows, "How... How did you know that my brother's name is Mike?"

"Honey, it's Miss Flo, from down the street."

"Oh, Miss Flo! Hi!"

"Holly, is Mike okay? Is he awake? Is he breathing?"

"Well, I hope so." She scratched her chin, "He's in his room. I'm in Nancy's old room, but she's all the way in New York right now. She goes to En-why-you!"

Flo sighed, "That's great, honey. But was Mike okay when you last saw him?"

"He was puttin' up a good fight, Miss Flo! But you gotta bring Mr. Hopper 'cause he'll know what to do! And then Mr. Hopper can bring Ellie because she's Mike's girlfriend and she can make sure he doesn't cry."

"Alright, dear. Don't worry, Hopper's on his way."

"Hurry!" Holly whispered, "I don't want Mike to get hurt!"

She hung up the phone while Flo was in mid-sentence, babbling on

about staying calm and whatnot. It didn't really pertain to her anyway. She was calm, she just wanted the police to hurry, so that she could go and hide her Barbie before Mom and Dad get back.

Holly turned the lights off in Nancy's room, and quietly descended down the stairs to wait by the front door.

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Okay, so usually the situation goes like this: Daughter is left home, alone, to babysit younger sibling(s). Daughter is told she can't have any friends coming over while her parents are out, *especially if those friends were boys*. Daughter says, "Okay!" Daughter babysits younger sibling(s). Boyfriend arrives (usually after "bedtime"). Daughter and boyfriend make out in daughter's room. Parents arrive. Boyfriend sneaks out the window.

That's how it would normally go down in the Wheeler house, at least, when Nancy would babysit.

But Nancy went off to NYU with Johnathan, and passed down the babysitting mantle to none other than her crazy-hormonal sixteen-year-old brother (who also happens to have a telepathic girlfriend). So, if we were being technical here, did the same rules apply? Mom and Dad only said that he couldn't invite the Party over... But they never said anything about his girlfriend (if they even cared about that in the first place).

Mike tried not to dwell on these worries, however, as he roamed his hand ever so slowly up El's thigh, their tongues battling for dominance over what seemed to feel like forever. Her fingers were tangled in his hair, and, every once in a while, she would do this thing where she tugged on it *just* a little- Oh, sweet mother, *yes*. He groaned into her mouth, pushing her deeper into the Star-Wars comforter on the top bunk. Mike felt her body vibrate with a giggle, and she broke the kiss, still smiling as wide as she had been when he carried her up the stairs and into his bedroom (it was a landmark for their relationship, really, since he was not very strong at all).

El buried her face in the crook of his neck, trailing kisses along his collar bone, earning another groan in response.

"E-El... I- I don't think- If we don't stop-" He gasped, she nipped his neck again, now edging her way toward his mouth, "I don't think I'll be able to-" She cut him off, their lips meeting in another sloppy, intense kiss.

*Damn it.* Mike inwardly cursed to himself as he knew very well what was going to happen next, especially when she rolled her hips against his own, *Oh, God, what a feeling.* He was definitely in for it, now. Actually, he had been for quite some time now. Ever since they started kissing like this, El had gotten more and more... straightforward... when she wanted something. More assertive, in a confidently aggressive sort of way (not that he was complaining). She was most certainly *not* the innocent, young girl she used to be. At least, not when she was around him. They've grown much more comfortable with each other (far too comfortable, if you asked Hopper) over the past years, it was hard for them to keep their hands to themselves anymore. *Especially* when they were two teenagers, with raging hormones, alone, in a dark room.

Her hands began to roam lower, and his own hung onto her hips for dear life. *Here we go*, he could definitely feel it now... *Shit.*

El could feel it too, and gasped against his lips at the pleasant sensation before her. This has only happened once before, during last summer. They'd been making out (but nothing like this, oh God, no. They were much less... experienced... back then), and, well, *this* happened. Mike abruptly stopped, mumbled some awkward apology, and raced to the bathroom.

At that time, she knew what was going on. Joyce had given her *the talk* months prior to this situation. And, although Mike had been very much uneasy and embarrassed after that, Eleven felt some sort of... pride. What happened, with his... well, *you know*... That meant that he found her attractive, so much, in fact, that he wanted to have sex with her. He wanted to make love to her.

But, that couldn't happen, because they were still freshmen, and that just seems too young... It's not right, even though they both felt like they wanted it. It was just something they would have to wait for... Wait until they're older, until they're married. That's what Joyce had told El. But Nancy? Well now, she held a different point of view,

when El had asked her about it. She said that she was sixteen when she'd lost her virginity. And, well... As of right now...

El was sixteen.

And.

Mike was sixteen.

And they were alone, in the dark, kissing on his bed.

A disappointed whine escaped her lips as he pulled back, "S-Sorry. I should..." He tried to catch his breath, "I should probably stop."

He climbed off of her, or, at least, that was his goal. But he couldn't really move his body. Something... *Someone*... was holding him back.

"Please." She whispered, "Mike..."

He knit his eyebrows together in confusion, "What- Wait, I thought..."

She pulled him back down to the bed, their breathing still ragged, foreheads touching, "I... I don't... Don't want to stop..."

"You... don't?"

"No." She confirmed, pulling the hem of his shirt, "I want this. You. Everything... Everything about you." She drew a nervous breath, "I need you, Mike."

Mike blinked, savoring her words. The way she looked at him, with a new fire in her chocolate brown eyes. She was serious, El wasn't playing around here. He swallowed hard, leaning in, closer, and closer... His chin touched her shoulder, and he burrowed his head into her neck, breathing her in... The love of his life... The one girl, the only girl, he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

"I love you." His mouth brushed against her ear. She shivered.

"I love you..."

And with that, the clothes began to come off. She nearly ripped his

faded Hawkins High A/V Club t-shirt in half, and threw it to the floor. El then moved her head down, leaving a trail of kisses from his chest, to his collarbone, to his neck (his weak spot, as El had come to find), to his jaw, and then... She paused, right before she moved to his lips, looking back up at him.

It was his turn... Her shirt. Her loose, pink, sleeveless blouse that had beckoned him to this situation in the first place. His hands were shaking as he tried to pull it off her while she wrapped her legs around his middle. *How did she- Oh, my God, this was too good to be true...* The stubborn piece of pink fabric finally fell off, leaving El clad in only her jeans and... her bra... *Oh, God, her bra... She had boobs, these small, perfect boobs, oh shit-*

He stared down at her chest, frozen again. El, however, didn't notice this at all, as she was currently preoccupied with unbuckling his belt. He drew a sharp breath, feeling her hand brush against his crotch. He buckled his hips at the sensation, earning a breathy laugh from the girl he was now on top of.

Mike heard the belt slide off and hit the floor with a thump.

And then he felt her unbuttoning his jeans.

And the zipper, oh, God, the zipper.

DING DONG.

El stopped, looking up at him in confusion. Mike's eyes must have been ready to pop out of their sockets.

She clung to him, afraid to let go, "Who- I thought your parents were-"

"They said- They said they wouldn't be back until-"

DING DONG.

"God dammit-" Mike muttered, rolling off of El with a disappointed (and quite annoyed) sigh, "I swear to God, if those are ding-dong-ditchers, I'm going to-"



DING DONG.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

"Just- Just stay there. And don't move. Please..." He climbed down the ladder and ran, shirtless, out of his room.

"Mike!" She called, "Your-"

"I know, I know!" He quickly swiped a shirt from the ground, pulling it onto his body.

Huh. It felt a bit tight. *Oh well.* Mike ran down the stairs again, and opened the front door.

No one was there.

"Mike!" Holly exclaimed from the kitchen, "You're okay!"

"Holly?" He whipped around, now facing his little sister.

Oh, and Jim Hopper.

Shit.

He didn't look happy, at all. Hopper looked like he had just woken up, with bags under his eyes and a little bit of dry drool on the side of his mouth. The Chief narrowed his eyes, "Hey, kid..."

Mike tried to stay calm, shoving his hands in his pockets, nonchalantly, "Uh... Hi, sir."

The Chief only stared back, in half amusement and half worry. His daughter's boyfriend was wearing a bright pink shirt, much too small on him. And lip gloss was smeared all over his face, his lips, his neck...

Huh. He also had some... Oh, Jesus, was that-

*Oh.* Hopper came to a sickening realization. *His neck...* It was covered with that lip gloss and a bunch of sporadic, small, purple bruises. He took in the appearance of the boy again. His raven hair was clearly

disheveled (well, more than usual, at least), his lips were red... and swollen, and his pants seemed to fit a bit too tight for comfort at the moment (if you know what I mean).

Wait, was that was *El's* pink blouse?

He tried to put the pieces together in his mind... Late night, no parents... And this skinny, young man wearing his daughter's clothes. Which, in fact, could only mean one thing.

His daughter had to *take off* her shirt, in order for Mike to be *wearing* it.

And *that* means that Wheeler has seen El naked. Tonight. Probably before he'd arrived on the scene.

*Oh, okay... Yes, this should be interesting,* Hop seethed, *Very interesting...*

There was a look of pure fear in Mike Wheeler's eyes as he realized that Hopper had been examining him for too long. Far too long. He *knew* something... He definitely did. Mike just silently prayed that this man's eyes wouldn't go any lower than his shirt, or shit will most certainly hit the fan (unless it already had).

But it was too late. There was no use hiding it.

Time to fake it 'till you make it.

"You alright?" Hopper finally asked, slowly, carefully, "We got a call saying you were..." He looked him up and down once more, "In trouble..."

Mike peered down at a worried Holly, and frowned, "No. No, I'm okay. Everything's okay..."

The Chief quirked an eyebrow, desperately fighting to hold his fatherly rage back. At least, until the little one was out of the room.

Then he could unleash the beast.

"What?" Mike toyed with the hem of the pink blouse, "Th- This old

thing? Me and Hols we're just playing tea-party before I put her to bed!"

She put her hands on her hips, "No, we wer-"

"OH, HOLLY, YOU LITTLE SCAMP! OFF TO BED NOW!" Her brother's voice cracked through a (scary as hell) fake smile.

"But-"

"HOLLY."

"Okay..." She sighed, and ran up the stairs. Hopper scratched his beard.

"You know," He said, looping his fingers around his belt, "I was gonna ask El to respond to this call with me..."

Mike gulped, "You- You were?"

He smiled maliciously, "Yeah, I was. But then I forgot," He shook his head, "She's at a sleepover with Max..."

*RED ALERT. RED ALERT. WE'RE GOING DOWN.*

"Oh!" Mike snapped his fingers, "Darn."

*SHIT. SHIT. OH, SHIT.*

"Yeah."

*SON OF A BITCH.*

"Yeah..."

*FUCK.*

Hopper took his hat off, and scowled, "Okay, don't play dumb with me, kid. I know what's going on."

"Y- You do?" Mike wheezed.

"Yeah," He grumbled, "I do. Your parents go out for the night, you're

stuck babysitting, you're bored to death, so you invite *my daughter* over. She calls Max, asks her to cover for her. Then she comes over to your house, you put your sister to bed, and then it's a neck-and-neck game of tonsil hockey from there, right?"

Mike was speechless. The man had the story down to a point. *Incredible.*

"Am I right?" Hopper repeated, his voice dangerously low.

"Uh..."

"Screw it." The Chief slapped the kitchen table, "Let's go upstairs and see for ourselves, yeah? See if that *intruder* is still in your bedroom."

*Mission failed.*

"Um, I don't think-"

Hopper cut Mike off, pushing him aside as he stomped his way up the Wheeler's stairs. Mike scrambled behind him, mentally preparing his will. *Let's see... He'll give Lucas his Star Trek action figures, Dustin can get his Atari 7800, his Dungeons and Dragons manual can go to Will-Wait, Will can't be DM- Can he? Is he ready for that kind of responsibility? Can he handle that? Oh, shit...*

They passed Nancy's room, then Mom and Dads... A few more steps and...

Mike's room. The door was closed.

Hopper grabbed the knob of the door, turning it slowly to add to Wheeler's torture. What? The kid deserved it. Thinks he can just take his daughter up to his room so she can ride his skinny body? I don't think so.

There was a soft clicking noise, and Mike winced, closing his eyes tight as he prepared for a shitstorm of reprimanding. They didn't even *do* anything, thanks to Chief Hopper's expert timing. And now they'll never *get* to do anything ever again, because El will be grounded *for life* for lying, and Hop would definitely tell his parents what he's been up to tonight... So if he isn't dead in the next five

minutes, he'll definitely be locked in the house forever.

What's weird about this (you know, other than the fact that his girlfriend's father showed up, in the middle of the night, right before things were about to go down), it that Hopper hasn't even said a word since walking into his bedroom. The bedroom with a shirtless El in his bed. All hot and bothered. Some fathers would have a slight problem with that. Any normal father would. So why is Hopper, a.k.a. the most protective father in Hawkins' history, not yelling, or throwing things, or flipping out yet?

Mike opened his eyes.

She was gone.

He sighed in relief (as quietly as possible), and turned his attention to a very confused Jim Hopper.

"See?" Mike flashed a cocky grin at the police officer, "Nothing. Like I said, we had a *tea-party*."

Hopper snorted furiously, and glared at him, "Consider yourself lucky, kid..." He mumbled in defeat, pinching the bridge of his nose, "*Jesus Christ...*"

And like that, Hopper went down the stairs, opened the front door, and left. Mike just stood there, dumbfounded. His luck was incredible... But, well, let's be honest here, was it really luck, anyway? No. Not at all. She probably used her powers or something to see who was there, to spy on them, to know when the perfect time was to escape her father's wrath (and save Mike from a terrible demise).

Oh, the perks of having a telepathic girlfriend.

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Eleven wasn't one to lie.

Not since... well, ever.

And she didn't lie, that was something she took pride in.

So, when she told Max to say that she was staying over at her house, she wasn't lying. I mean, she wasn't planning on staying there until *later*, but... Oh well.

"I can't believe he took *your shirt!*" Max chuckled as she painted her nails, it was a dark blue color she had received on her birthday (a present from El), "And in front of your old man!"

"Hop's not *that* old..."

"It's a figure of speech, El."

"Oh." She frowned. God, it's amazing how she still had trouble with those types of things, "Sorry."

Max snorted, "Don't be."

El smiled, and went back to playing with the fabric of Mike's old t-shirt, which didn't fit her at all, if you must know.

"Better call Romeo soon," The redhead smirked as she capped the polish, "He's probably wondering where you are."

Eleven smiled, still focusing on the washed-out patterns on the shirt, "I left him a note. He should be calling soon..."

And, as soon as the words left her mouth, Max's phone did ring. El reached out to answer, but her friend swiped it away before she could say "hello".

"Oh, Mikey bear! How are you, baby?"

"Fuck you."

"But babe! We already tried that, tonight! What if my daddy interrupts us again?" Max cried dramatically into the phone, with El laughing hysterically in the background, "I just don't want my daddy walking in on us, buck-naked, beneath the sheets, with your bony bod on top of mine- Ohhh..."

Mike sighed, "Very funny, Max. You're hilarious. Now can you please give El the phone?"

"I'm sensing a little bit of an attitude problem." She chided, "What's the matter Mike? Sexual frustration?"

Now El could hear Mike screaming from the corded phone. She smirked, grabbing the device from her friend and putting it to her ear, "Hi, Mike."

"El! Oh, thank God. One more second of that, and I'd puke *through the phone*." He emphasized, loud enough for Max to hear. El laughed. Max stuck her tongue out.

"Sorry... How did it go?"

Her boyfriend chuckled, "We're still safe... I think. He knows, though." He sighed, "It was kinda obvious... You leave *so many* hickeys."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No! No, please, God, no!" Mike reassured, "In fact, I was thinking... Maybe tomorrow we can... Meet up again, you know? Let's say, my basement? Mom and Dad won't be back from work until 5-ish..."

El grinned, "I'd like that."

"You would, now?"

"Mmhmm..." She nodded, glancing back at Max, who was obnoxiously (and noisily) gagging to herself.

"And El?"

"Yes?"

"I was also thinking... We don't need to rush into this kind of stuff... Like, sex and that... We have our whole lives ahead of us, and... Well... I'm glad that you're ready- Quite flattered, actually... But- I mean, I don't know... I just... I still feel like a kid, you know? Like- don't get me wrong, I would *love* to have sex with you. Just- uh- not because we're caught up in- I mean, not because I get a-

"Mike?" El interrupted, smiling at his sincerity.

"Yeah?"

"I understand."

"You do?"

"Yes," She giggled, "I think our first time... *together*... It should be special. Not rushed." Eleven let out a deep breath, "I'm not ready to be an adult yet."

"Good." She could practically hear him smiling from the other line, "Me neither..."

"I love you..."

"I love you, too."

"And I'm catching a stomach flu from your stupid, mushy-gooshy, lovey-dovey phone call!" Max groaned, "Get a damn room!"

El rolled her eyes, "I should go..."

"Alright..." He muttered, "Tell Max to go fuck herself, though."

She quickly turned to the redhead, "Mike says to go fuck yourself."

"Tell him that's Lucas' job!"

Eleven made a face, and switched her attention back to Mike, "She said that's Lucas' job."

She heard Mike give a noise of disgust, "Gross. Anyway, I should probably go. Holly's still awake, and Mom and Dad will be here any minute." He said softly, "'Night, El."

"Goodnight, Mike."

There was a grey area between being an adult and being a kid. It was a complicated area, especially when it came to relationships.

El decided she wanted to hold onto being a "kid" for a little bit longer. At least, until they felt like they were ready for the next step.



And Mike couldn't help but agree.

---

Oh jeez. I'm so sorry. Like, so, so sorry. I need Jesus, help me, sos.

Fav, follow, and comment if you like it! Also give me some prompt ideas!

Be nice lol

LOVE YA GUYS!

## 2. Fights-n-Hugs

M'kay guys im sorry this is probably really bad, idk, it's hard for me to write serious stuff XD. I tried my best, though.

Also, I wrote this v fast bc im on a tight schedule right now. Track practice just started this week (my body is on fire) and I have like four tests tomorrow so this was dished out pretty fast.

Please ignore the mistakes, peeps. I was rushing. I so sorry.

**Prompt:** Mileven fight that ends in fluff

**Setting:** Spring of 1985 (between the end of season 2 and the beginning of a hypothetical season 3. Also, El and Max aren't really on friendly terms yet. Soooo)

**Song:** Pale Blue Eyes - The Velvet Underground

**Rated:** Eh. PG to PG 13

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"Are... Are you okay?" Mike asked, hesitantly. Watching Max shake with sobs, her back facing him as they stood outside the back entrance of the arcade. She sniffled something in response, something inaudible. And yet it worried him all the more. "Hey-"

"I'm fine!" The redhead choked out. Obviously, a lie. She knew it. He knew it. Mike awkwardly put a hand on her shoulder, but she shook him off, "Just go in. I'll be there in- in a couple of minutes."

He didn't move. She sounded different, today. Off. Something was very, very wrong.

"No." Mike stated plainly.

"No?"

He shook his head, "No. I'm not going in. Not until this- whatever is going on-" He ran his hand through his dark mop of curls, "Not until this gets... resolved, somehow."

Max didn't move, wiping her nose with the sleeve of her sweatshirt, "Why would you care, anyway?"

Mike rolled his eyes, "Because, Max, you're a part of the Party now, and I- Okay, would you look at me for a second?" He grabbed her shoulders, turning her around to face him.

*Holy shit.*

Purple. That was one word to describe it. A huge, purple mark on the side of her cheek. Mike's jaw dropped, his eyes darting down to her forearm, where five smaller bruises were also present. She flinched. Not a surprised flinch, but an... embarrassed one.

"What... Who... Who did this to you?" He eventually managed to ask, his brown eyes meeting with her blue ones.

"Nobody."

"Bullshit." Mike scoffed, crossing his arms. She glared at him.

"Why do you wanna know, huh? It's not like we're friends or anything!"

This time, Mike was the one who flinched, the sudden outburst of anger reminding him too much of himself from a few months ago, when they had first met. He frowned, "Max-"

"No! Don't you dare try to argue your way out of this!" She shouted, "What do you want? What do you want from me?"

He didn't say anything back. He couldn't, really. How do you respond to a question like that?

She huffed, folding her arms and leaning her back against the wall. Waiting for his response. Max shook her head, "I knew it..."

"He hits you."

The redhead made a face, "That's not a valid answer to my question."

"Neil hits you." Mike declared, concerned, "Doesn't he? Just like how

he hits Billy. That's how he hits you."

She said nothing.

*Why did he have to be right?*

Mike took her by the shoulders again, pulling her into a tight hug, something she wasn't expecting. She reluctantly hugged back, after the few seconds of surprise have passed. He felt her body shake. She was crying again. *Oh, Jesus.*

"Max," Mike whispered, his eyes beginning to water with her, "I- I don't want to fight anymore. I want to be... your friend." He struggled to find the correct words, "I mean, I thought we already were, but- You- Like, you can't deal with this by yourself... You can't."

She laughed. A cold laugh. *I've put up with it for just about two whole years, now. I'm pretty sure I don't need anybody's help.*

He broke from the hug, hands still on her shoulders as he looked her in the eyes. A serious look. A caring look.

A look she hadn't seen in a long, long time.

"I'm... I'm sorry." She wiped her nose again, still attempting to hold back the tears forming in her eyes, "I didn't mean it"

"No." He cut her off, guiltily, "I'm sorry. I've been a dick to you. And you didn't deserve it. I took out my problems on you, and the guys, and that's unacceptable." Mike shook his head, "So, I'm gonna ask you again, as a friend who cares about you." His back stiffened, his face pale, "Did Neil do this?"

This time, she was the one who grabbed him, pulling him into a rough hug. It was an answer. Not a verbal answer, but somehow... Somehow he knew. Maybe from the way she shuddered at his name, or the way she tensed up whenever someone touched her... Whatever it was, it confirmed his greatest fear.

The Demogorgons weren't the only bad guys in Hawkins anymore.

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"Alright. Okay, that's- I guess that's fair. But," Dustin raised his hands defensively, "What about *without* the caramel. Just plain nougat. And chocolate."

Eleven furrowed her eyebrows, "You mean like this," She pointed at the creamy nougat inside of the Milky Way bar, "Without this." El flicked the caramel from her fingers.

"Yes!" Her friend exclaimed as they walked down the sidewalk, on their way to the arcade, "Yes, exactly like that!"

"That could taste... good."

"Oh, thank *God*," Dustin pumped his fists into the air, "A *rational* person! Finally!"

El giggled, breaking off some of the the solid chocolate coating from the bar.

It had become a weekly ritual. Every Monday, since Hopper had finally let El go into town (without an adult supervising her), the Party would all meet at The Palace to play games and hang out like *normal people*. And so, every Monday, Dustin would pick her up from the cabin, and Mike would walk her home. These walks, that took about twenty-five to thirty minutes, soon became laced with "educational value", courtesy of Dustin Henderson, who claimed that since he was the oldest of the group (by two months, Mike would argue), he was the one who held "teaching responsibility" when it came to social-interactions or pop-culture.

This week's lesson: the 3 Musketeers Bar.

But, sadly (and quite surprisingly), Dustin didn't have any of the candy on him that day. So, he had to make-do with what he had... A spare Milky Way from lunch. And El was not a fan of it. Which was highly upsetting to the thirteen-year-old boy.

Thankfully, after a long discussion on the importance of nougat in an everyday diet, they had come to the conclusion that it was not the candy bar itself that El did not like, but the caramel paired with the candy.

Pretty soon, he started babbling on about why he loved 3 Musketeers so much, and how excited he was that she did too (even though she'd never actually had one yet), as they reached the back parking lot of the arcade.

That was when she saw it.

"And you can basically get them from any store- or vending machines. They have 'em at school, and that's pretty much where I get my supply. Because my mom doesn't like me eating all that sugar at home, but-" He caught himself rambling, and glanced at Eleven, "Hey, did you even hear- Wait, what are you looking at?"

*Oh.*

He saw it too.

Max and Mike, outside of the back exit, hugging.

And, before he knew it, El took off.

Dustin panicked, watching El run through the parking lot, and back into the town, "Shit-" He cursed loudly, hat falling off his head as he brought his hands to his hair, "El! Hey! Come back!"

Mike and Max jumped apart, startled. Dustin shot them an anxious look, picking up his cap from the pavement, "What the hell was that?" He was yelling. He was... angry? *Huh. That's new*, "What the hell, Mike?"

Mike didn't answer, a worried look on his face matching the redhead's. Dustin rolled his eyes, jogging over to them.

"What was that all about- Holy shit!" He was now closer to Max, finally able to see her purple cheek, "Wha- What happened to you?"

She tucked a few strands of hair behind her ear, eyes glued to the ground, which was definitely out-of-character for her, being the most confident member of their group.

Mike covered for his friend, "Doesn't matter." His frown deepened, "Why're you so mad?" He looked around, "Where's El?"

"I."

"Did you lose her?" Mike rose his voice, "Dustin, where is she?"

"You scared her off, dipshit!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Her!" He gestured to Max, "And you! She saw you guys!"

Mike furrowed his brows, "What do you mean?"

"You guys were hugging. Like, intense hugging."

Max's eyes widened, finally catching on, "Oh, no- No no no, it's not like- Oh, shit-"

"Yeah." Dustin replied, dryly.

His friend palmed himself in the face, "Shit! She thinks that-"

"Uh huh."

"No. No no no." Mike chanted, sprinting to his bike.

"Where you going?" Dustin called, his voice cracking as he strained his volume, "Mike!"

"I'm gonna find El!"

Max and Dustin watched him peddle off, into the town, barely aware of his own surroundings.

"He's gonna get himself killed."

---

"El?" Mike walked into his own house, after watching her sneak in through the basement door (*what? It was the closest house to the arcade!*), "Hey, I know you're in here! I saw you!"

There was a loud thump, coming from upstairs. The sound of a door being slammed... and, quite violently, might he add. Mike raced up the steps, coming face-to-face with his own bedroom door, locked.

He could hear her crying, a sound that made his stomach churn.

Mike tried knocking, rapping his knuckles against the wooden board separating himself from her, "C'mon, let me in, I can explain-"

"N-No!" She choked out, her voice muffled, as her face was currently buried in his pillow, "I knew you were- and her, and-"

"You barely know her!" He protested, his face leaning into the door, "I was hugging her because she-"

"Because she's pretty!" Eleven shouted, she pulled the pillow away from her face, "And she can do tricks on her... her..."

"Skateboard?"

He could hear her growl in response.

"Okay, first of all, I don't find her attractive. Gross."

"You're lying!" She hollered through her tears, "I saw you! In the school! I saw!"

"Saw what? What the hell-"

"I saw you, and her, in the... the... *the jim*. The jim. I saw- And she was- and you were happy, and-"

"And you pulled her board." Mike whispered to himself, so she couldn't hear. *Now I get it.*

El wiped her runny nose, the tears still pushing themselves through her eyes as she continued to explain, "And, I- She- She fell off of *it*. And then, you- You helped her-"

"So you're mad at me for helping her?" *After she "fell off" her board?*

"You know what I mean." She groaned angrily. Mike was almost thankful for their present barrier.

He sighed, pounding on the door again, "Just let me in, El."

"No!" The door shook in front of him. *Shit, she was mad.*



Okay. Alright, so she needed to cool off. She needed space. Mike can give her that.

Plus, his mom would probably ground him for life if she came home to a house without... well, without an actual house.

In the meantime, he could make good use of the Eggos in the freezer. Maybe *he* couldn't win her love back, but he knew what would. Or, at least, what he hoped would:

toaster-waffles.

---

Twenty minutes later, he arrived at his doorway again. This time, with a full plate of toaster-waffles in his hands.

"Hey... I came with," Mike briefly looked down upon the syrup-doused Eggos, "A peace offering."

She didn't respond. But she wasn't crying, either. So, that's a good sign. Probably.

"El."

He waited for her to say something. Waited for anything, really. Even a grunt. A growl. Something remotely angry or annoyed or...

Nothing.

*Okay, I'm preaching to the choir.* "El. Eleven. I'm sorry. Please, just- Can you open the door?"

Silence again. Only, this silence was followed by the soft clicking of a doorknob's lock, causing Mike to jump. He pressed his fingers against the wood, softly pushing the bedroom door open.

"Hey." He saw her, chin resting on her knees, his comforter wrapped over her back, like a cape. Her face was puffy; red from crying. *Shit, Mike, you've really done it now...* He lifted up the plate, for her to see, "Brought you something."

Eleven sniffled, wiping her nose with his blankets. If it were anyone

else, Mike probably would've said something about it. But her? Right now? He didn't care. Hell, she could blow her nose on his pillow, and it wouldn't bother him. She frowned, "What is it?"

"What do you think?" The corners of his mouth turning up, slightly.

Mike felt the plate being pulled from his hands, via telekinesis, of course. He tightened his grip, "Hey, wait!" The force paused, "I was thinking we could share it? Together? I mean... We gotta talk this out, you know?"

She shrugged her shoulders, the scowl still glued to her lips. *Anything for Eggos*. El shifted herself to the side, making room for Mike as he climbed up the bunk-bed ladder.

He plopped down next to her, grunting, and handed her the plate, "Here."

El grabbed a waffle, taking a violent bite out of it. Mike had to use all of his willpower to hold in a laugh.

He coughed, "So... You're mad."

Eleven nodded.

"Because I was hugging Max?"

She nodded again.

Mike ran his fingers through his hair, sighing, "Okay... Because I usually hug you? You don't want me to hug her like I hug you?"

She bit the waffle again. *Alright, I'll take that as a yes.*

"But I hug Will. And Dustin, and Lucas, and Nancy." He explained, "Does it bother you when I hug *them*?"

"No..."

"Oh! You can talk!" Mike smiled, quoting his very first encounter with her. It almost made her want to smile.

Keyword: almost.

"Mike. Stop. I'm upset."

"I can see that..." He snuck his arm around El's shoulder, pulling her closer, "And... You have every right to be. At least, from what you know right now."

She huffed, "Then why are you looking at me like that?"

"Like what?"

"*Mike.*" El muttered, "You know what."

His smile grew wider, "You're so cute when you're jealous. Did you know that?"

Her brows furrowed at the new word, *jealous*. She looked up at him.

"It means..." He struggled to find the right words, "That... That you're really protective. That you don't want people taking the things you like the most. You want it for yourself."

She made a face, "That makes me sound... bad..."

"No!" Mike grabbed her arm with his free hand, "No, it's not! It means you really like me! That you really care about me. And you don't want to lose me." He elaborated, softly, "And... El, believe me, I feel the same way. I really, really do. And..." The boy smiled, "You don't have anything to worry about... You know, losing me. You don't have to worry about that. I don't really like Max... *Like that...* She's just a friend."

"Then why were you..."

"Hugging?" He asked for her.

El nodded, repeating him, "Hugging."

His smile faded, he looked down, for a moment, "Well... There's different types of hugs, I guess. Sometimes, you hug people when you wanna show them you like them. Like me and you. And... Other

times... Uh... You hug people when they're sad; upset."

"Friends?"

"Yeah. Friends, family, girlfriends. When friends are sad, you hug them."

"Oh..." She said quietly, then turning to Mike, "Max is... sad?"

"Yeah."

Her eyes shimmered with new concern, "And you... You wanted to help her."

He nodded, tracing small circles on her arm with his thumb.

"So you gave her a hug. Because friends do that too."

"Uh huh."

El set the plate of Eggos aside, wrapping her arms around the boy as a few silent tears dripped from his cheek to his chin. He was sad, now. He needed a hug. She mumbled into his chest as his breathing began to quicken, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Mike..."

"It's not your fault. You didn't know. *I* didn't know. I mean," He sniffled, "I had a feeling. A small feeling that- well, that something was going on, but... I ignored it. And I treated her like shit. And I feel awful."

She pulled her head from the embrace, more questions beginning to pop into her head, "Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"Why... Why is Max sad?"

He rubbed his eyes, already expecting the question. *It would have come up sooner or later, anyway.* Mike took a deep breath, "You know... I'm not sure that I'm the right one to explain it... I think... Maybe, you should ask her yourself. When she's ready."

El nodded, confusion still swirling around her brain as more questions and concerns made themselves ever-present. She sighed, leaning into Mike's side. He put a single arm around her shoulders, resting his head on top of hers. They stayed like that for a while. Or, at least, until Dustin called on the Supercom, wondering "where the hell were they."

They rode his bike back to the arcade, a faint sunlight still gracing the town as the day climbed into the later hours.

And the first thing El did when they got there was something so surprising, even *Dustin* was left speechless (and he usually had a lot to say, mind you).

She gave Max a hug.

And Max?

Max hugged her back.

---

**I know, I know. I can't write sad/angst/serious stuff. I knowwww. Just have mercy on my soul, im only a baby.**

**But, if you did happen to like it, how about ya review and fav and follow? HmMmMm?**

**Bye bye, kids, I gotta study (translated to: I'm dying inside).**

### 3. She's a Lady

**HI I'M BACK FROM HELL.** Just got over track practice, homework, tests, and strep throat :)

Yeah, so I tried to write a couple other of the prompts in the reviews, but I ended up not liking how they turned out (but I'll work on them). This, on the other hand, I was semi-content with, even though I literally wrote this in the two hours of spare time that I had. But it's fine.

It's fine, guys (im dying inside sos send help)

**Prompt: Sex Ed (kinda)**

**Setting: Some time after El closed the gate. Maybe a month or two after the Snow Ball? Winter-ish springtime (ppl from Illinois/Indiana might know what I'm talkin about)**

**Song: Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon - Neil Diamond**

**Rated: PG 13**

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"Calm down, kid. It's alright..."

The feeling of panic surged throughout her body. And the image of her blood-stained underwear was still quite fresh inside her memory; blood, blood, blood everywhere. Hopper grabbed her small, trembling hands, gently, as the fresh tears made their way down her cheeks.

"Deep breaths, okay? In and out. Yeah, that's good, keep going. In and out. There we go..."

She's bled before. On numerous occasions. Out of her nose, out of her ears... One time, a little bit out of her eyes. It was normal to bleed. It told her that she was... working. Her body was working correctly. She was healthy. Everything was normal.

When El saved her friends, she bled.

When El tripped on a tree root, she bled.

Bleeding was a normal thing. It was all cause and effect. Use the powers, bleed. Scrape your knee, bleed.

But now? Something was different. Something was wrong. Nothing happened, there was no cause. No powers, no scraped knees. No saving friends, no tripping over trees. It came on, without any warning, out of the blue. Someone was trying to hurt her, and she didn't know why (or how) they were doing it. But someone, somewhere, wanted her to bleed, to feel the sharp pain pierce through her stomach as she tossed and turned all night. Someone wanted her to wake up in the morning, and bleed to death.

"Hop... Hopper... I- I'm-"

She choked on her words, again, letting out another struggled sob, but didn't really know why. It wasn't sad, what was going on. There was no reason to cry. The situation was actually more terrifying, if anything. She was *dying*. Bleeding out. Someone was out to get her. And if they want her, they'll probably want Will, too. And Dustin. And Hopper. And Joyce.

And Mike.

Yes, she should be afraid. Very afraid. Or ready, ready to try and fight off this *thing*. She should be strong, she should be *El*.

Yet, somehow, here she was, bawling into Hopper's shoulder as he carried her into the kitchen.

"Shhh..." His bear-like hand rubbed soothing circles down her back. She mumbled something in response. Something between a cry and a whimper; her tears and boogers, and everything else that came along with a teenage meltdown, now soaking through the front of his shirt.

But, in all honesty, he didn't give a damn. Screw the shirt.

"Did it happen in the bathroom?"

"Mmph?"

Hopper set her down onto the kitchen table, gingerly, "The bleeding, Ellie. Did you see it in the bathroom?"

El wiped her nose with the sleeve of her (Mike's) sweatshirt, slowly bobbing her head in confirmation.

He smiled slightly (*Why is he smiling, I'm bleeding to death?*), crouching down to level his eyes with her own, "Alright, kid... It's... You're not dying, okay? You're just fine..."

"But- But the blood... And it's not out of my nose, or- Or... And I didn't fall, or hurt myself, and- And I didn't see anyone..."

He took her hands again, "Hey..."

"What?"

"It's okay. Nobody hurt you. This is all... normal... for- How old are you, again? Thirteen?"

She gave him another weak nod.

"Yeah... It's, uh... It's okay. Just- Just, put on some... clean underwear." Hopper scratched the back of his neck, "And, uh... We'll talk. Once I get back from the store to pick up some stuff for you. Okay?"

Okay. "Okay."

"Okay, good."

---

"So, my... vagina... bleeds... So I can have babies?"

"Pretty much, yeah... It means you're turning into a woman, or somethin'." The corners of his mouth pulling up into a slight smile as he took another bite out of their Triple-Decker Eggo Extravaganza.

"I'm a woman." El declared softly, her eyes finally lighting up for the first time that morning.

"Yeah."



"And I can have babies!"

He felt his face burn, changing from the usual, pale color into an intense, dark shade (probably comparable to a fire-truck) when he abruptly choked on his toaster-waffle, "Well, yeah. You can, technically. But, not until you're married."

"When?"

"When someone asks you to marry them." He shrugged his shoulders, "When you're old enough to make your own, adult decisions."

Eleven grinned, "Then, me and Mike are going to get married."

"Okay, kid."

"And we're going to have babies, too!"

How hard is it to swallow a waffle in peace? "That's- That's great kid. When you're married."

"When we're married." She repeated, digging into their breakfast with her fork.

*Okay, that didn't seem too difficult. Way to go, Hop. A+ Parenting.* Hopper let out a long, relieved sigh as they continued with their meal, silently, no more questions. No more red faces. No more explaining the female body, and periods, and puberty, and mood swings. It was kind of funny, actually. For a second there, he almost thought she was going to ask about-

"How *do* you have babies?"

Yeah. There it was. *Fantastic.*

Jim set his fork down, taking his time as he wiped his mouth with a napkin. He scratched at the scruff of his beard, "Well, uh... You have... Sex..."

"Oh..." She frowned. The boys had explained to her what sex was (much to Mike's protest), a couple of weeks after they'd reunited. Something about sticking the... Pennis? Peenis? Penis? Yeah, it's

penis. Something about sticking *that* into a vagina. They were pretty excited about it too, for some reason. A reason unknown to El.

It really didn't seem that exciting.

"Oh?" He cocked an eyebrow, "What, aren't you gonna ask me another big question?"

"I am?"

"Y'know, 'What's sex, Hopper?'"

"Oh. No, that's okay, I already know about sex."

Hopper could've sworn he heard something snap in his brain as his eyes almost rolled out of their sockets.

"Y-you do?"

"Yeah." El shrugged, eyes on her waffle, "Sex is where a boy sticks his penis inside a girl's vagina."

"You say that so casually, it scares me." The news felt like a punch in the gut, heavy and nauseating. No, no. It was more like someone stabbing him in the stomach. With a dull, rusty knife. Yeah, that's right. *And knowing that- Oh, God, knowing-* "Who- Uh, Who told you?"

"Dustin and Lucas."

Yeah, there's the twist of that little knife. Shit.

Hopper pulled out a cigarette (What? He was going to need one in a situation like this.), one of those cheap, filtered things Joyce had made him switch to. He fumbled with his lighter, "When did they talk about it?"

El furrowed her brows, "Yesterday, last week, the week before that-"

*All the time.*

"Never mind, kid." He took a nice, long drag. *What did they say? What did she hear? What does she know? Shit.* "So, you know about sex,

huh?"

She nodded her head, again.

"And now you know that sex makes babies."

Another nod.

"And you wanna know how."

The girl gave him the most innocent, earnest look (despite the maturity of the situation), "Yes."

Hopper took another puff from the cigarette, "Well, personally, I was planning on having Joyce tell you all the 'talk' and body stuff, when you got a little older."

Eleven frowned, "But-"

"*But...* I mean, since mother nature decided to visit, and your little friends are trash-mouths... I guess you should hear it from me." He bit back a grimace as her frown turned into a pleased grin, "The facts."

She nodded, "The facts."

And with that, Jim Hopper went on to explain to El the beautiful (and messy) miracle of conception with some half-ass garden analogy even *he* couldn't comprehend.

He'll make sure to call Joyce that afternoon.

---

**I think he handled that too well, in my opinion. idk. MAJOR influence from the My Girl period scene and the Now and Then "facts of life" scene, bc those movies are fucking fantastic.**

**If ya like it: fav, follow, and review!**

**And if you have a prompt, you can PM me or put it in the reviews!**

**Love you guys. Please don't eat any Tide Pods!**